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A CITY IN BEING;
A CITY THAT MAY BE

—BY—

MISS LILLIAN A. WHITNEY

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A CITY IN BEING;

A CITY THAT MAY BE



—BY—

MISS LILLIAN A. WHITNEY

DEDICATION.

FOR THE GOOD OF,

AND

TO HUMANITY,

Is this pamphlet humbly dedicated

By its author,

MISS LILLIAN A. WHITNEY.

March 15, 1899,

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
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CHAPTER I.

No lovelier songs
By human tongue
Were ever sang
Than the songs
A Hemans sung.

Chicago has become a center of official robbery, political deceit, charlatanism—an easy route and vehicle for legalized felony—a veritable mine for blackmail; here an honest human being may with impunity be poor, possess the glaring eyes of hunger, endure the pangs of the gnawings of extreme poverty, and hand over to nature a misspent, or an unfortunate life, with eclat; here to be sober, pious, decent, successful, prosperous, rich—such one confronts more dangers than the hunters of the jungles of the Ganges. Behold here the buzzards, the carrion crows, the vultures, the insatiable vampires, the poison human gnats which hover in swarms around the successful life or business.

Here the editors (God's forgiveness prayed for thus styling them)—have no more connection with the ancient honorable calling—helping shape the policies of a nation, supplying proper food for the intellect, and directing the morals of society—than the city's wharf rats; here the honorable calling of editor has been entirely abandoned for the temporarily more lucrative calling—that of conspirators for blackmailing and paralyzing the dearest interests of the people. The *Chronicle* editorial staff, *a la* Sir William Draper, its friend's worst enemy—parts its hair exactly in the middle; its brains have been evenly quartered and three or four of the quarters have strayed far, far away; the stockholders of the *Chronicle* in filling its

editorial chairs, probably only recognized the usefulness of brains in an omelet, fricaseed or boiled; live brains—walking around under a hat, in view of the fact that Chicago newspapers percolate a good-natured public, lies incompetency, and all the rest of the rot, anyhow, declared they—may have been wholly eschewed, as who should say, the higher priced article is unnecessary. The beings that occupy the editorial chairs of the *Daily News* and *Record* may have souls, but it would require more than the Sam Weller magnifying glass of “double hextra power” to perceive them. The price of these beings is very high; they will sell out to anything; the question to be considered, in their purchase, is solely dollars, scents in no way interfering in the transaction; after they have sold out, recognizing the futility of extracting any further dollars from the original sale, they can be bought to Judas at much more reasonable rates. This *Daily News*, like certain deadly worms, has the faculty of breaking itself into a multitude of pieces each day; each piece thereof being as certainly intended to be poisonous and destructive to the honesty of the people as that the virus of such worms is certainly forced forward for the sole purpose of poison. This paper and *The Chicago Record*—exhalations from the same nest of malignant snakes—for more than six years have been seeking to enrage the people of Chicago against an honorable body of men and their legitimate and necessitous enterprise—Illinois Central Railway. What have these human bed-bugs, for more than six years, been calling this great and good company—that is made up of the very most Christian, intelligent and honorable men in our State—whose only faults are : paying their debts, keeping their faces and conscience clean, making money, helping to maintain the free schools, the churches, the public libraries, the various

charities, and working for the public each day of the year from sun up till sun up again? "*The All Hog Road.*" Now, dear people, the question of interest here is: why have these two dulcet vipers been so busily spitting and hissing their vile venom upon the Illinois Central Railway for so long a period of time? For the sole purpose of plundering from said company its hard earned money—full and true answer to question. Be assured, dear people, that every word, for more than six years, printed in the *News* and *Record* against that company, plainly read: "Illinois Central Railway Company, you shall pay to us thousands of dollars of hush money or we will cause the people, through their legislature and aldermen, to rob from you ten times more gold than we ask; if you come to the legislature without puking up first to us, you shall enter that sovereign hall through a golden stairway built by you for the purpose; you shall have our permission free to be kicked therefrom through the back door only; should your business require some aldermanic legislation, not even golden stairs will admit you to that august body of ordinance makers; you shall require there your entire treasury; no matter as to justice and wisdom of any ordinance your business and the good of the public may need, no such ordinance shall be enacted until the last dollars in your treasury, released from all superincumbent weight, begin to dance around in the bottom of your treasury chest from loneliness." It is related in all the histories of Chicago that, by the city's terrible fire of October, 1871, all trackage, rolling stock, horses, barns—in short, the entire property of the North Chicago Street Railway Company excepting its real estate—was destroyed, causing a loss to the company of over \$350,000. This enormous loss, coming upon this good and necessitous servant of the people in the very morning of its

existence—had it not been for the fact its owners, officers and managers were men of the very highest intellect, of the very highest standard of morals, of the very highest energy, would have terminated its further existence. This company not only rehabilitated its road after the fire, but did it in the very shortest possible period of time, it is said, so as to help out of the ashes and calamities of that fire other industries which could not have sprung to life again without such haste on the part of the North Chicago Street Railway Company. Dear people, this company has paid to the citizens of Chicago, since the fire of 1871, not including taxes or damages, which have always been excessive, more than seventy-four millions of dollars in cash. This foregoing statement, dear reader, is the plain unvarnished truth. Now why do the *News*, *Record*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, and the smaller Fry, seek to enrage the people of this city against this splendid and absolutely essential industry? Is there “a nigger in the wood pile” or not? My dears, the entire African race, including the hippopotami of the Dark Continent, in the wood pile, would not create therein a class odor so distinct and certain as the awful stench of blackmail and robbery that rises out of this newspaper tirade against this city’s traction companies and railway companies.

The *Tribune* editorial staff—“and damned be him that first cries, ‘hold, enough.’” This is indeed a fearful dose. A vastly more than a rudimentary brain must be confessed as existing in this aggregation. What is its policy on the coinage question? The *Tribune* announces, in special words to the confiding public, that its policy is against “free silver.” During the last four years what has been its policy in fact? The free, unlimited, unlawful acquiring of the silver, gold and U. S. treasury notes (earned by some one else) has been its policy, clearly. Six mornings each

week, during more than four years, has this leprous monster sought to enrage the people against the Chicago City Railway Company; so far has it succeeded in its wicked design in that direction that it has built up such conditions in the City Hall, that now no human power could get a law or an ordinance passed by our city legislative body for the just protection of the business of that company without first being obliged to buy the *Tribune*, the aldermen, and a few "ward heelers." Are we any longer a free people? Do we not, as much as any serf or slave of the past belonged to a master, belong to these mendacious, insatiable dragons—genus *Tribune*? Dear mechanic, machinist, brick-layer, laborer, know ye that, in the last six years the South Side traction companies of this honorable city have received no legislation from the city's legislative authority, no matter how justly necessary to them or to the interests of the people such may have been, without being compelled, by these cancers on society—genus *Tribune*—to pay piles of gold for such legislation that would be enough to feed, clothe and educate hundreds of your families for years. Know ye that every dollar thus unlawfully plundered from the traction companies robs your children of bread. The people are not all lawyers. The people are honest, industrious and well meaning. The people, as a mass, would not aid or countenance the unlawful harming of any industry. When these monstrous excrescences—genus *Tribune*—tell the people that Chicago has ever given to its traction companies *anything*, they simply tell the people a lie.

The thing that has happened, which the Swagites studiously avoid telling the people, is this: The great system of surface street railways, steam railways and lake transportation combined, have accomplished the extraordinary feat—have given to the world Chicago.

The citizens of Chicago have necessarily patronized the traction companies; have received the essential services of the traction companies; and ninety-nine out of every one hundred of such citizens have appreciated and paid for such services with the same heartiness and good feeling that the same citizens have held toward any other essential duty and transaction of their lives. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of its people know the *fact*—the Chicago traction companies furnish to their patrons the very best and cheapest service of any street railway system in the world. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the people realize the *fact* that the owners, officers, managers and laborers of this city's traction companies—as to morals, honesty, brains, faithfulness and usefulness, in the very front rank, from the president down to the oiler of axles—give to their business, in order to well serve the public, the very greatest labor and vigilance of any of the city's various industries. Now, dear reader, this one-hundredth man, headed by a Three-for-a-Quarter Mayor, further slightly augmented by these head lice—(by some still called Chicago newspapers)—declare to you that the foregoing sterling, plain, unvarnished truths have no existence; they declare to you that a monstrous set of lies—originated for the aggrandizement, selfish and unlawful designs of originators only—exist instead of the plainly existing truth. Dear reader, is white black, or white, in our brilliant age? In the first century, figs did not grow upon thorn bushes. Shall we permit ourselves to be taught, in the last days of the nineteenth century—go into that wonderful record, about to add its checkered, magnificent span to the past, as weak, driveling fools—that figs can be gathered from thorn bushes? Be led by such things to wander around in alder swamps, carrying baskets, searching for peaches?

The howl about franchises for the street car companies, dear readers, raised by these blood suckers, this one-hundreth man, and our Three-for-a-Quarter-Mayor, means—stand and deliver to us your hard and honestly-earned dollars, street car companies, or we will destroy you, as certainly and as plainly as the “Hold-up” man’s, “your money or your life”—means what it says to the parties most interested. When these charlatans declare to the people—the municipal authorities of Chicago can charge and collect from Chicago’s traction companies, for a twenty minute, twenty year, or twenty thousand year franchise, three cents, or more than thirteen millions of dollars, or any sum of money whatever, for such franchise, excepting by a constitutional tax, scaled by a well settled and well known law, or that the interest of the public is in the slightest-decree affected by the duration of a street car franchise—they are simply declaring to the people, for their own wicked purposes, a monstrous lie. If it is, as rumored, true, that the traction companies have offered to pay the city any sum of money other than is provided by the assessment laws of this State, for any franchise, they have made such offer *a la* bunny, through terror at the cry of the pack of wolves.

The officials of Chicago, to the injury of its people, have been plundering the traction companies for years, and these vipers—genus *Tribune*—have raised up, for their own black-mailing purposes, the conditions which have made such plundering possible.

What shall be said of the smaller Fry of the “One Only”? Behold the Hyenas of the African desert—with teeth white gleaming in the sun’s fading light, heads hanging low, with skulking, prowling gait, with lolling red tongues, jaws agape, dripping with expectant slobber, snarling, yelping at each

other—waiting the moment they may prey upon the meager leavings of the carcass of the poor deer or cow brought to death by a more powerful beast.

The machine, called by courtesy, "Chicago City Press," will learn in time that common decent manners and good policy—a *la* Siamese twins—can not with safety be separated.

This one did not spring into life to be suffocated in shallow ditch water; or to mistake for a necessitous tomb an indescribably filthy hog wallow. These parasites, that are seeking to enrage the people against the street car and railway industry of this city, dear people, have free passes themselves on all, and for everything else in the country, excepting for the God-given virtues of the daughters of the people (an attempt to acquire the last no doubt under advisement, held in abeyance pending culmination of scheme for robbing the street car and the railway companies).

Citizens, know ye that these harpies, like facile Charley Talleyrand of historical fame, intend to take all the swag themselves and leave to you the empty sack. Behold Talleyrand, under Louis XVI, 1789, Monsignor Bishop of Autun; January, 1792, he is a high dignitary of France and minister of Louis XVI at the Court of St. James; by August of the same year he found plenty of time to return to Paris, change himself to plain citizen Charley Talleyrand, acquire the credentials, as minister to England, from Danton—constitutional assembly; in 1799 behold our historical Charley—Prince Bonevento, and Minister of Finance (this class keep close to the Finances—it does so here in Chicago),—under the first Consul—Napoleon Bonaparte; a few years later after the downfall of Bonaparte, under the Restoration, Louis XVIII, behold Talleyrand still on top, still near the pot—Prime Minister; after the escape from Elba of the

Emperor Napoleon, during the period—"100 days"—it is said facile Charley, for the first time in his life, being uncertain as to which way the frog would jump, remained away from the swag longer than ever before happened in his eventful life—till after the victory of Lord Wellington at Waterloo, when he found it safe to calmly saunter over to Louis the XVIII again. Now the lesson to be learned here from this Talleyrand incident is this: While this man was ostensibly serving Louis XVI, the legal government—he was using his *entire ability* to aid in bringing about the French Revolution—(the Devil); he parleyvoud with Isnard and Robespierre that the destruction of Paris, confiscation of the property of the church and gentry would be a good and wise thing; that doctrine certainly did turn out to be a good and wise thing for—CHARLEY; the others got a great big puncture in the nerve-center—base of the brain—only.

Dear readers, do not permit yourselves to believe for a single moment that only the closing days of the eighteenth, and early years of the nineteenth centuries, in far away Paris, could produce such facile politicians: the weather, and climatic conditions, during these closing years of the nineteenth century, have been as suitable for their noxious growth as the same conditions of the former two periods; the soil here in the "One Only," is away ahead of that of Paris, for them to germinate in, flourish and attain to much mere gigantic proportions than their French Prototype ever reached. Dear people, know you, if these intriguing politicians, of the Tallyrand type, are with us, and they shall succeed in leading us into any of their excessively and elaborately wise schemes for the betterment of humanity—always against the laws of God and man, such as for the destroying cities, for the robbing street railway and steam railway companies, for the confiscation of the property of the citizen, for

the general death of industry—municipal ownership—the Charley Maurices, as usual, will walk off with the swag (to be by them squandered under the restoration of law, which they as certainly will know shall be again restored as that the old Tallyrand certainly knew that after the French revolution should have expended its fury law would be restored again in France)—and leave to us, the people, the usual emphatic puncture in the nerve center only Dear reader, our Three-for-a-Quarter Mayor is not a Tallyrand, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Danton, or Robespierre: He is merely being used as a tool by this class, this genera. John Peter Altgeld is clearly a Tallyrand; John Peter never gets farther from the bag than he can help. John Peter cares no more for the interests of the people than Ling or Spies did. How shall the arguments of this polished scholarly politician, this contradictory man, be answered so that the sophisticated and demoniacal protuberances thereof shall appear to the people as the same surely exist? Mechanic, brick mason, laborer, shall your minister or priest, on next Lord's day, tell you: "You have six children at your home; dry goods, clothing and groceries are costly; you are spending just three times as much of your wages to support six children as you would be required to expend for the same purpose had you but two children; with only two children you will be required to expend two-thirds less of your wages than in supporting six children; therefore you should return to your homes and get rid of four of your children at the earliest possible moment; you should waste no time casting about for methods of riddance." Now such an argument is mathematically true, and yet it is a monstrous lie from beginning: it carries no particle of truth in any of its parts. Hear what facile John Peter had to advise the people of this country, on Thursday evening, March 9th, A. D. 1899, at the Palmer

House banquet, Chicago, Illinois, as to municipal ownership—"the economic question." Said our Peter, not Saint Peter: "In English cities the ownership of street car lines by municipalities had proved a good thing; in Continental cities the same thing had made revenue for the State; in Berlin the street railways paid a large share of the expenses of running the city; in Toronto the street car lines were not operated by the city but it would be much better if they were. Therefore, Chicago, grab your railway and street car lines." We will not stop here to dispute the truth mathematically of this foregoing Altgeld argument. Many who should be qualified to know the fact declare the municipal ownership problem abroad has not given the arithmetical answer as claimed by our Peter.

Let us here, however, assume that the answers, or solutions, as to addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, of this trial of municipal ownership cited, are absolutely correct as announced at the banquet by Mr. Altgeld; this in no way changes the monstrosity of this question of municipal ownership as a whole existing proposition in itself: the proposition in itself, for the entire result it proposes, carries, just as certainly and plainly, a horrible, unnatural, monstrous lie, as the former hypothetical proposition certainly carries such a lie. In this country the government is the people; by the people is meant you and I, readers, the Joneses, all the Smiths, in short everybody, including the street car railway and all corporations—the people; now while the government is, in fact, the people, they do not personally run or manage the government: the people select a few of their number to run the government for all. Many individuals appear to have acquired or contracted the idea that a government is some kind of a peculiar entity or existing thing, possessed with

untold wealth and an unlimited capacity to give. Dear people, such is in no sense whatever the fact: no Weary Waggles that ever drifted through our pretty city, in his poorest moments, was ever so poverty stricken as a government is in its beginning; a government absolutely has nothing till something has been first given to it by its people; no government can give anything to any one that has not been first given to it by some one of, or by, all its people; no government can give anything back to any one, or to the whole of its people, that has been given to it, because a part of everything which is given to a government is necessarily absorbed by it, therefore could only be partly returned. Now this municipal ownership dogma, of our Chicago Talleyrands—(the class that intend to handle it, who never get far from the swag)—proposes that something shall be given to the government, by this people, and that the government can and will not only give back to this people the thing thus given to it, but an immense bonus therewith—clearly a lie—clearly an utter absurdity, and impossibility. This, however, is only one of the absurdities, etc., carried in this very excessively elaborate doctrine. But you will hear these Swagites, referring to the foregoing truths declare: “Why we have no intention of having the people give their railway and street car lines to the government: we intend to have the government buy them; why, we are even going to fix the prices to be paid ourselves; the poor owners of such industries shall not be bothered in the least by such trifles.” O ho! Dear people, but where shall the money come from with which our excessively friendly Swagites propose the government shall pay for such purchases? From the confiding people, by the way of taxation, must necessarily spring such funds. Now it has been here shown that the government

has nothing until something has been donated to it; that it can only return a portion of anything that has been so donated to it by reason of governmental absorption; and the further rule, just shown—a government can not possibly buy anything: it can acquire its possessions through channels of donation only. Inasmuch as the author of this pamphlet will issue a number of other pamphlets during the coming spring and summer, in each of which the question of municipal ownership will be further dealt with by her, that matter will be no further discussed here.

There has been so much said about the "Allen law" (briefly discussed in the author's first volume of the Rights of Railway and Street Car Companies)—by the misshapened, crooked, wirepulling, blackmailing, snarler-at-all-good, non-producer, would-be-absorber-of-all, Swagiteisimis—"The Chicago City Press"—lately, it is deemed proper that a few further truths should be here declared, to the people of Chicago, in relation to that now celebrated enactment.

CHAPTER II.

The Allen law carried no purpose injurious to the public, or antagonistic to the interests of the people of Chicago; the law provided, among other things—(there was but little in the act that was new: the most of it had been a live law since 1861 and 1875)—that cities should have the power to grant to their street car companies privileges to conduct a street car transportation business—serve the people as “common carriers”—in the streets for a period of not more than *fifty years*. This is the part of the law that this Swagiteisimis institution, this excessively elaborately peculiar friend of the people—“Chicago City Press,” object to so furiously; about which this hoarse-throated Chicago institution vomited forth a swirl of low invective and sulphureous vituperative, the equal of which was never before heard or read here, or elsewhere on this earth, from the days of Adam to the present time; on account of this it has, for a period of more than six months, held up to the ridicule and contempt of mankind the world over, the people of Chicago and the Legislature of the great State of Illinois. Dear readers, why has this extremely friendly beauty—“Chicago City Press,” raised all this nauseous and unhealthy disturbance? Know ye people, it was because fifty years was too long for it to wait for a fresh opportunity to poke its long, bony fingers into the treasuries of the traction companies; my dears, it was entirely “TOO LONG BETWEEN DRINKS;” know ye, it had no more the interests of Chicago’s people in view than it had in view the interests of Australia’s rabbits: it had in view the Swag, and that only. The fifty-year portion of

the Allen law not even slightly damaged the interests of the people; further, if the latter named period for a franchise would have benefited the traction companies the interests of the people would have been also thereby benefited in the same ratio; for, as was shown in my former pamphlets, the interests of the traction companies and that of the people are identical: strike an axe into the trunk of a tree and you cause its remotest twig to vibrate. The author of this pamphlet is unable to comprehend why a fifty-year franchise should be any more desirable for the traction companies than some other, or any other period: the traction companies are using the streets, *a la* the Smiths, by fundamental law, and their franchise by fundamental law is *a la* the Smiths—practically perpetual. By fundamental law the rights of the traction companies can not be robbed from them now, nor can they be disturbed in 1903, notwithstanding Mr. Harrison's strange and "Chivey Slime"-like doctrine on the subject to the contrary. Should we people permit ourselves to be led into unlawful acts by the aforementioned very active friends, as was threatened at Lincoln Turner Hall last December 9th at Diversey street, the culmination thereof will result only in the usual very severe and extremely numbing shock in the nerve center for the people, and the usual plethoric swag for the pockets of the Charley Maurices, to be by them enjoyed after the restoration of law again.

People, know ye that the Legislature of the great State of Illinois—a State vastly more potent than entire imperial Rome in the days of Great Caesar—did not repeal the Allen law because it was a bad law, or because such law was in any way inimical to the interests of the people; that question in no way influenced its conduct in its repeal of a former act of the same august body. Dear readers, your represen-

tatives repealed the Allen law lately as poltroons: they repealed it solely through fear of this stinking, ghastly, unhealthy, unholy, money-lusting cry of Swagiteisimis—"The Chicago City Press," and for no other reason. Dear people, what are we, in so permitting our interests and the dearest interests of our grandchildren, to be thus controlled by this ungrammatical; unliterary, unskilled, immoral, blood-sucking Swagiteisimis—"Chicago City Press?" In that we are dotards merely.

The author of this pamphlet has never seen Mr. Charles T. Yerkes,* the president of the North Chicago Street Railway Company; she is not in his employ, nor has she ever had any conversation with any of the great men that must necessarily officer and manage that magnificent and necessitous industry of the people above named. This declaration has been interpolated here because the author, in order to fully assert the principles which she had undertaken to assert in her pamphlets, has found it very necessary to thoroughly investigate the personal attack made upon Charles T. Yerkes; which investigation shows beyond any question that the very bitter and oft-repeated inuendo against Mr. Yerkes' personal character is without any foundation whatever in truth; that it was nothing more than the regulation weapon of the Swagite; the bowie knife and revolver belong to the horse thief; personal abuse of, and black inuendo against, innocent character, is one of the weapons of the Swagite. People of Chicago, can you not hear voices shrieking to you across that river that rolls its deep, solemn mysterious waters between this life and death, Jordan, Styx or Fiery Phlegthon, as you

* This subject will be again noticed in a book—"The Forces of Chicago," by the author, to follow this pamphlet next June, in which will be related the history of this great man from his youth to the present time.

will, this is a cosmopolitan city—"CONSISTENCY THOU ART INDEED A JEWEL." It is the cry of the shades of Ling, Spies and companions. "You justly punished our bodies in 1885 for incendiary doctrine, speeches and conduct. Shall not your incendiary declaimers of 1898-'99 be similarly dealt with, when their conduct, doctrine and speeches are as certainly incendiary in 1898-'99 as ours were surely incendiary in 1885?"

"A city in being," behold Chicago, within a period of nine years, in internal private and municipal improvements, has expended more than one hundred millions of dollars that has gone to the people here and elsewhere—nine-tenths of it in this United States; country of you, mechanic, laborer, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Longfellow, Whittier, Opie, Read, Holmes—a class; country of William Penn Nixon, Medill, Victor Lawson, Kohlsaat—a class; country of Guiteau, Prendergast, Weary Waggles, Swagite—a class. Readers, all the money expended by the ancient Persian government for the brilliant and extensive campaigns of Alexander the Great, would scarcely pay a respectable interest on the vast treasure expended by the industries and municipality, with its people and the people of this country, by this city of Chicago since January, 1890. In the down town district the changes that have taken place since January, 1890, the obliterating old buildings and creating new colossal structures in their places, the vast improvements brought into being by new transportation facilities and by increased imperative demands of the public upon the old transportation companies—are much more striking and stupendous than the changes made necessary by the great fire of October, 1871. Citizens who have lived in this city continuously for forty years, now retired from active business, say that, when they

are called down town, after an absence of six months from that district, the changes that have taken place there in that short period are simply astounding to them. The energy of this people, in either past or present time, has no parallel. In Chicago a demand no sooner confronts the people for an improvement than such improvement springs into being; this people never hesitates for a moment; a demand presents itself that some stupendous improvement shall be created; no matter how vast the treasure, how Herculean the labor required for the accomplishment of such improvement, behold the matter is provided for with the same nonchalance the well-to-do citizen displays when he buys his cigar.

"A city that may be"—Chicago of the future. This, dear readers, is a responsibility which rests, according to economic and all natural law, as surely and with the same inexorable demands upon, and confronts us, that the proposition—what shall the Chicago of 1899 be—certainly rested upon and confronted its individual citizens of a generation ago. Sixty years ago the population of Chicago—it has been variously estimated—may safely be said to have been somewhere between twenty-five and seventy hundred. A. T. Andreas says—fixing the date about seventy-seven years ago—that the officials of Fulton County, to which the then unorganized territory of Chicago belonged, levied for Chicago its first personal property tax; and that the sum of eleven dollars and forty-two cents was all that was realized from such tax levy.

The people of Chicago, as early as 1833, with well determined and persistent energy, acquired for this city the possibility for her system of railways, without which she would be to-day an unimportant city—even with its advantages of the lake traffic—of less than one hundred thousand

population. It is said that the Illinois Central Railway (opened for traffic since 1836) was the first St. Louis cut-off, and as such placed Chicago upon her throne as the "Magnificent Queen of the West" (claimed for her more than thirty years ago; she may be designated now, with less exaggeration, Mistress of the World). The opinion of the "indomitable" people of Chicago of sixty-four years ago, as to the usefulness of railways, is much better given by one of such people than this author could express it; the words of that one are here quoted: On October 16, 1835, the late Judge Sidney Breese—of this proud State, then a circuit judge, always a most learned lawyer, and great, good and useful man—declared to the people of the Chicago of that day, through an open letter that was printed in nearly all the newspapers then in existence in the United States, as follows: "It is a stupendous project"—the then possible Illinois Central Railway, the benefits of the existing great and absolutely essential project the Queen of the World now possesses—"so just, so equal, and so well calculated to revive the drooping energies of the South, and the interior, that no doubt can be entertained if our efforts are properly pushed and directed." This letter of Judge Breese, a few words of it only given here, is said to have brought into existence the Illinois Central Railway. Readers, was this great lawyer working solely for the Chicago and the people of 1835? Less for that people and city than for this people must be the answer: Judge Breese was then helping to bring into being the potential Chicago of 1899. Shall we not help to hand down to posterity a still more potential and wonderful Chicago? Can we do so by tearing up, robbing, or in any way retarding these most necessitous servants which have been donated to us by the people of 1835-'59? The greatest crime of

any age is the robbing posterity. The greatest criminals of any society are its robbers of the society of the future. Readers, can you not hear, with this author, that strange, mysterious, indescribable, incomprehensible murmur—a vague, dreamy, thrilling, entrancing sound—drifting down through the aisles of time to come to our mental beings? Dear readers, it is a harmony from that wonderful and brilliant city—Chicago—of the distant future.

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